WITH THE FUN-SMITHS

Adventures of the Elevator Boy, Mr. Bowser's Troubles &c., by M. Quad.

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NE DAY a few weeks ago. just after Mr. Wassoon had with his mining stocks." said the elevator boy, "I headed cane is to be voted to the most popular man in town." to see a fight between a telegraph boy and the barber-shop bootblack. I didn't and the barber-shop bootblack. I didn't hear any one ring, but pretty soon Mr. Wassoon came down the stairs from the eighth floor and he was fairly boiling! uffer, a sulsance, a liar, and lots of other names, and as I took him up he grab- church very often?"

bed me by the hair and shouted: "'You either attend to business or get off the earth! I've lost a thousand dollars

'Yes, sir,' I said. "'Don't give me any back talk! The idea of Rasher keeping a kid like you around here is something I won't stand.
I'll have you bounced to-morrow!'

Yes, sir; but I'm fatherless. "T'm glad of it, though I'd like to be a father to you for about ten minutes! Boy, my name is Wassoon.'

'I deal in mining stocks and am full of business. I may possibly conclude to let you stay on; but if I do you've got to be a different kid. I'm the star tenant of this sky-scraper. That elevator is for my personal convenience. When I ring my personal convenience. When I ring alderman? Haven't I been asked to run for alderman? Haven't I contributed to the

to the eighth.' "He said a lot more, and threatened me till I had a chill, and for three or four days I was as humble as a cat. Then began to realize that my dignity as elevator-boy had suffered, and that I waiting for something to turn up when I caught him making eyes at the assistant teacher in the school of stenography, on the fourth floor. I think she rather encouraged him, for the next day he called me up and handed me a dozen roses, and

'Sammis, my name is Wassoon, and I am full of business, but it is our duty, no matter how much business we have on hand, to let rifts of sunshine into the lives

'Yes, sir, it be.' ald you happen to see Miss Alden, of the fourth, you can hand her this. Just do it casually, Sammis, as if it were accidental. Here is a slip of paper on which is written a few words. It goes with the bouquet. There is no name, and she will probably press you to know who sent the flower

'But I will resist the pressure, sir.' "'Well, yes. That is, up to a certain point. Then don't give my name right out, but hint at it. My sole object is to in this cold and cruel world sympathizes

took the bouquet down to old Mr. Graham, on the third floor, and handed it softly in and told him he could rely on me to keep still. The slip of paper said that the bouquet was from one admired at a distance, and the old man smiled all over as he said: "By George, Sammis, but this pleases

me! I'm no masher, but I've known for a week past that I had an admirer on the fourth floor. I'll have her out to dinner as a reward for this.'

The next morning I slipped a note under Mr. Wassoon's door. It was a note of thanks for his unselfish kindness, and it "I-" took me two hours to compose it. Late in the afternoon old Mr. Graham called me "That is, you don't feel it a duty to se

'Sammis, here is a box of chocolates I wish them delivered to the person who so delicately remembered me yesterday. You need give no name. I think the

will understand. "The chocolates went up to Mr. Was-on. He smiled like a June morning, but asked no questions. It took me three days more to get the conspiracy down fine, but at length all was ready. That is, Mr. Wassoen and old Mr. Graham appeared simultaneously on the fourth flo is the cleck struck 12. Each one of them ad decided to take Miss Alden out to lunch. It was a couple of minutes before they noticed each other's presence. Then Mr. Wassoon looked at Mr. Grahuam and uttered a 'humph!' Mr. Graham repaid him with two 'humphs!' Then Mr. Wassoon said:

country for certain old reprobates!"
"'And if there was you'd go up to a limb before night!" said Mr. Graham. "At that moment Miss Alden came ou to go to lunch. Both men smiled and bowed. Both advanced. Both observed in same breath that it would give them utmost pleasure to escort her out to lunch. She looked from one to the othe in a surprised way, and then drew herself

know either one of you!

"She passed. She had been out of sight two minutes before either of the men had recovered from the shock. Then Mr Was, soon turned on Mr. Graham and shouted: 'You old viper of the jungle, but you have been poisoning this woman's mind 'You cockeyed buzzard of the plains

'You miserable liar!"

" 'You black-hearted scoundrel!"

Then they pitched into each other and banged up against the walls and rolled over the floor and it took five men to separate them. After it was all over Mr. Rasher, the agent of the building, sent for me, and when I told him how it was, he looked at me for a long time, and then " 'Sammis, the owner of a sky scraper

is a great man-a great man." Yes, sir, he be.'

" 'And the owner's agent is a great mar -a great man.'

gait is greater than the two rolled into You seem to be doing well for a fatherless boy-very well.'

"Two days later Mr. Wassoon caught me on his floor and stopped me to ask: 'Sammis, did I understand you to say that you were fatherless?"

" 'And struggling to pay off a mortgage

on the widow's home?"

'Well, here's a dollar on the mortgage. and 2s I have no son of my own you can call me papa. I wouldn't go shouting all over the building if I were you, but any time you feel lonely, just slip up and I'll pat you on the back and call you sonny nd cheer you up. No more put up jobs on your papa, Sammis. Ta-ta.'

'And an hour later old Mr. Graham put a dollar into my hand and whispered: "For the mortgage, Sammis, and be-tween you and me I'll be a father to you. We won't say anything outside, but father and son we'll work together to bring that old villain of a Wassoon to justice. Have an eye on him, Sammis, and remember that my office hours are from 9 o'clock a. m. to 5 o'clock p. m. and that as your adopted father I shall al-

ways give you welcome. and conspiracies and interrupt the harmony which should exist between tenants, but every employe of a sky scraper must take a position and maintain it and this village isn't getting very far ahead of Sammis, the elevator boy."

Mr. Bowser's Popularity.

"By George, but there's a chance for some fun!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Bow-

Dr. Bull's Cures constant coughing. A simple cough is bad enough; but a Cough Syrup chronic cough is danuse Dr. Bull's Cough syrup and be cured. sec.

ser, as he looked up from his evening pa-

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "Why, the First Baptist Church, right around the corner from here, is to hold a festival Saturday evening, and a gold popular man in town." "But where is the fun?"

may call me a goat! It's a \$15 cane, and over. He called me a monkey, a young just what I want. You must have known about the festival, as you go to that began Mrs. Bowser,

and then checked herself.
"What do I see? The cane goes to the by your fooling around, and I'd like to most popular man in town. That conceit-break your worthless neck!' most popular man in town. That conceit-ed old Brown will think he's sure of it, and that assified Jackson will smile and grin and tumble over himself, but they won't be in it with me. It will be jus-

like rolling off a log to win that cane. "I-I hadn't thought of going," stammered Mrs. Bowser, after awhile. "Well, you can make up your mind to Indeed, I should think you'd be proud to have me bear off the prize. Won't it

please you to discover that I'm the mos popular man in town?"
"Y-e-s, of course, but suppose it

free ice and sick baby funds? Don't we give to every charity, and don't all the children on the street run after me? Why, I gave \$25 in cash to help build that very difice. If there's a more popular man in town than I am I'd like to know him." But if you shouldn't get the cane ther you'd-you'd.

"Then I'd what? It looks to me as if you didn't want me to get it. Perhaps you had intended to vote for some other candidate. Well, you go ahead and vote for whom you please, but I'll walk home with that cane just the same. We go to the festival on Saturday evening."

That settled it, and Mrs. Bowser had no more objections to offer. Mr. Bowser had no more objections to offer. Mr. Bowser took hold of the matter in his enthusiastic way. He let it be known that he was in the hands of his friends, and that his friends ware averented. friends were expected to vote early and often and pull him through. For four days and evenings he went about talking of the matter, with the result that "popular candidates" appeared in all directions.
Mrs. Bowser had fears and doubts, but whenever she threw out a hint, Mr. Bower drew himself up and replied:

"I shall get that cane, and don't you worry about it. It looks as if there might be a dozen candidates, but I'll smash 'em to squash as soon as the voting begins. I've had no less than seven men ask me if I would run for mayor next year, and I believe I'll take a nomination.

When the fateful evening finally arrived the Bowsers were on hand at an early hour. It didn't take Mr. Bowser over ten minutes to discover that things were not exactly as he had expected. In the first place, it was 10 cents a vote, and in the next he was a stranger to most of the church people and none of them seemed to have marked him down as a candidate. He soon came upon a stern, severe look-

ing woman, who made inquiry of him: "I understand that you are Mrs. Bow-ser's husband, and how does it come that we never see you here of a Sunday with

a good example to others?"
"I hope I am not a bad man." "Did it ever occur to you that you had

"Of cours

"I am afraid it hasn't, Poor Mrs Row. ser! We often talk about and pity her. I don't think our minister has quite done his duty. He should call on you and have a serious talk."

A little later on Mr. Bowser met a male acquaintance, who expressed great sur-prise at seeing him there and asked if he intended to rent a family pew. "I'm after that cane," was the reply.
"But you—you can't expect to win it,"

"I'd like to know why not." The man looked at him with a pitying expression, but had no explanations to Henry Clay at my expense? make. A doubt crept into Mr. Bowser's

mind for the first time, and he hunted up Mrs. Bowser to say:
"I believe this crowd has put up a job to beat me out of that cane

"I don't think so," she replied, "but sup-pose we go home? It's crowded and uncomfortable, and I know you're not enjoving yourself."

"When I go home that cane goes with he announced, as he set his jaw. "I'm either the most popular man in town or I'm not, and it's a good time to find out how I stand." When the voting for the cane began Mr.

Bowser stood all alone. He saw that h was out of it, and Mrs. Bowser made another effort to get him home, but his mind was made up to die game. He bought a hundred Bowser tickets at one swoop and deposited them in the box, and these pu him far ahead of any other candidate. His period of exultation was a brief one, however. It was the crowd against Bowser, but he was a fighter. He had \$90 in his wallet, and not till the last cent was gone did he abandon the struggle. When the did he abandon the struggle. When the ballots were counted up he found he had lost by over 200 votes.

"I'm so sorry!" whispered Mrs. Bowser, as she followed him out of the church. He made no reply.

"It was awful that you paid out \$90 and didn't get the cane after all.' She heard him gritting his teeth, but he answered never a word.

You are probably the most popular man in town, but they combined against Still not a word. Side by side the

walked home and entered the house. Mr Powser turned up the hall gas, hung up hat, and as Mrs. Bowser sank down into a chair he towered c'er her an

"Woman, this is the end."

"W-what do you mean?" she asked. "You worked your little game and got me downed, and no excuses or explanations will go.

"But what did I do?" 'My lawyer will be here by 19 o'clock in the morning. You can doubtless have yours meet him at that hour. It won't

take long to arrange matters." "That is all, Mrs. Bowser-all except the divorce and alimony. As I have some papers to prepare for the business toorrow I will bid you good night-good

"Good night, Mrs. Bowser!" he repeated as he bowed and waved his hand and retired to the library—"good night!"

Where You Don't Have to Worry.

"You see, things are settled for you in a way down in Porto Rico," said the on the new possessions. "I was knocking about that country for nearly three years and after awhile I caught on. In the firs place, you never hear anybody wonder what the weather is going to be. That was settled hundreds of years ago. They only have two seasons, and to-morrow will either be as wet as a millpond or as dry as a bone. You haven't got to do the

least warrying over it. Then there are the railroads. There is no schedule time o arrive or depart. Nobody is in a hurry et anywhere. With the first railroad i as settled that it was a go-as-you-please train service, and nobody speaks of being shead or behind time. Mail and passener stages are run between towns in the interior. They may get off two hours ahead or four hours behind time. A coach with twelve passengers once waited five for me to pack up, and nobody

For the first three months of my stay ontinued the smoker, "I was always sping to strike a good hotel. It was a waste of time. Each one was the same even to the bugs in the beds. They used to be amazed that I should kick about the bugs. They had been there ever since the days of Columbus, and why go to any trouble? If driven out, they would return and so let them stay where they were. The bugs got to be as settled a thing as the weather or the train service, and it was a big load off my mind. You could always figure on being lied to wherever you went. By and by that was on the regular programme, and you didn't have to wonder why a man would walk around a block to tell you a lie when he could speak the truth to your face. I fought They were in the beds, on the in the theater, on the veranda.

the fleas for a few weeks, and then gave Columbus landed them to pione way, and why break up a routine 400 years old? I never heard any one worry about crops. They would be either good or bad, and why worry? It was the same about sickness. If a person were sick, he'd either get better or die. I never heard but one Porto Rican man make a kick about anything. I was sitting on the hotel veranda at Ponce one day, when a merchant came down the street to see me. There was a vicious bull tearing about the street, and the animal got after the merchant and run him a block and gave him a toss which landed him on the veranda, almost at my feet. Of course I went to his assistance, thinking him

seriously hurt, but it turned out that he had come off almost without a bruise. I began to congratulate him over his es-"Senor, I like it not. The bull should have rolled me into the ditch, instead of tossing me up here. Never before was I tossed upon this veranda, and I can't Never before was make it out!"

She Bought Him Off.

"It's one pair for three cents or two pairs for five, you know," said the shoe-string fakir, " and the profits are so small that but for an occasional bit of luck I'd be hard put for three meals a day. Just ly-looking old lady bought two pairs of strings from me, and then asked about my sales and profits. When I gave her straight goods she said: "Young man are you ever tempted to

'Yes'm, I am,' says I. "'But you always resist the tempta

"'I always have, but I can't promise for the future. I'm getting tired of this shoestring business.' 'Do you think you might turn burg-

'I do ma'am. That's what I shall go into if I make a change.' "'How soon might you become a burg-lar?' she asked after looking me over.

"I may begin to-night,' says I.
"Look here,' says she in a whisper,' I'm mortally afraid of burglars. I'm going to California with my daughter in about two weeks, and I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will not turn burglar for a fortnight I'll give you \$5.

"It's a very small sum, ma'am, but being it's you I'll strike hands on it and keep my word.' "And she outs with a five," laughed the fakir, "and nands it over, and if you hear of any burglaries within the next few days, you can be sure that I didn't have a hand in the business. I'll wait 'till the old lady gets on the other side of the Unit-

ed States.

Making Him Whole. "It takes the glorious old West to do business," said the man with the alligator grip as he boarded the train at St. Paul. of the East are not in it a little bit." "Anything to relate?" queried one of the assengers as he woke up.

"Just a few words. I traveled from New York to Chicago with a staving-looking girl. At Buffalo I was gone on her. At Detroit we were engaged. As we reached Chicago she had set the date. I returned nome, wrote her 320 love letters, and came ut here to get married."

"And what?" "She decided that she would marry another. She estimated the value of my time at \$500, the worth of my letters at \$300, and my broken heart at \$200, and drew me a check for a thousand dollars, and here it is. Gave her a receipt in full to date, kissed her good-by, and there you are and here I am. There's but one way to do business, and the West knows all about it. Yes, check for a thousand, and how many of you gentlemen will smoke a

A Good Reason for It.

The following editorial is from our es-

eemed contemporary, the Hastings Ga-"It has been known in this village for veral years past that we did not live in harmony with our wife. Some have aken sides with her, and some with us, and there has been much gossip. We have lived in hopes that our wife would ee fit to change her ways, and thus bring peace to our distracted household. but she is an obstinate, determined woman, and would have her way. Last Friday, as we were printing 200 auction bill for George Green, Henry Davis Fuller, the popular saw mill man, entered the of-

fice and said to us: "John, you must bear it like a man." We felt a chill go over us as we asked

him what had happened. "Your wife has run away!" was his tartling announcement.

"But she has."

We hurried home to find that it was true. Our wife had fled in a one-horse wagon with her brother Dan, leaving a letter behind in which she said that she'd die rather than return. It is needless to say that we were terribly upset. For the last five days we have thought of nothing but suicide, and have been unable to work. For this reason we issue only a half sheet this week. Time will lighten the blow, and next week, if we can get our sister. Rebecca, to keep house for us, we hope to resume our editorial 'labors. You who have never had your wife run away from you don't know what a void it leaves, and how a man may be suddenly precipitated to the depths of black dispair, and we ask your indulgence until our appetite returns. But she has."

A little girl in England was asked out to tea. On her return, her mother said:
"I hope you were very polite, Caroline." 'Oh, yes, mother," said she. "The firs time they handed the cake I said, 'Yes thank you.' And the second time I said, 'A very small bit, please,' and the third time I said, 'Not any more, thank you.' But the fourth time I did not know what

say."
"Well," said her mother, "what did you "Oh, I said just what daddy says-'Oh, take the d--d thing away!"

Mrs. S. M. Idol, Winston, N. C., writes: "Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, sister, aunt having died from this dreadful disease. I was thoroughly alarmed, therefore, when a malignant Can-cer appeared on my side, and at once sought the treatment of the best physicians. They were unable to do any good, however, as the Cancer continued to grow worse and spread. I then tried S. S. S.

which forced the disease out, and cured me permanently."

S.S.S. The Blood (Swift's Specific) is the only hope for Cancer; it cures the most malignant cases. Our treatise on Cancer sent free by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

PRIZE FIGHT AT PARIS

Both Feet and Hands.

KNOCKED OUT BRITISH OPPONENT

Detailed Description of the Recent Disgraceful Prize Fight Which Aroused All Looked Like a Festive Spanish Mule and Acted Like One-A Kick from His Boots Was Something Awful to Encounter.

Paris, Nov. 15 .- I have never seen anything more disgraceful and brutal than the prize fight between Driscoll and Charont, who boxes with his feet-the first prize fight in France, which drew all of

What a darling this Monsieur de Lucen sky is, to be sure; after the more or less sky is, to be sure; after the more or less right-hand cross-counters particularly, successful bull and lion fights comes this He feigned, giving Charlemont an apparbattle between Beauty and Beast, for Driscoll is surely a fine specimen of vigorous manhood and Charlemont is the hand for the kicker's jaw, passing a little other thing, whether he was baptized above Charlemont's left arm, and deliverwith water from the Seine or not. We all said so as the two pugilists stoca facing each other in the little arena of the Rue Pergolese Riding Academy. "We"

stands for two dozen women that formed part of the audience of 150. I had an excellent view of the fighters, having the box adjoining that of Baron Henry de Rothschild, who paid 5,000 francs for the privilege of witnessing the first pugilistic encounter given on French

a Spanish mule billed to appear in a car-nival procession. His breast, which look-ed padded when he first came out, arrayed in a silken, sleeveless shirt, tingled with medals and bangles, and around his ly clos be hard put for three meals a day. Just many, however, I'm not worrying over the next two weeks. The other day a motherwaist, Charlement gave an exhibition of his muscled prowess, and never since l attended a private show of Sandow in the green room of the Follies Bergeres have I seen so vainglorious a performance. The German Adonis-or was it sombody else?—used to say in his strange gutteral voice: "Touch my biceps; it will make you feel good." Charlemont insisted upon playing for our benefit the entire scale of muscular vibrations as a drill sergeant rolls his r's and bad actors lace sayings at the top of their pice. He had evidently studied his part before a cheval glass, under the admiring glance of a silly woman, perhaps. He

stand such beauty?" Acted Like a Ballet Dancer.

Mme. la Princesse Revanche, who is the wife of a real prince, cousin of a sovereign, said loudly: "He acts like a cheap ballet dancer and looks like one, too, with his fringed and tasseled pants." Her high-ness ought to know, for she used to be that sort of thing in the Boulevard du Temple, where she played the most decollete parts, until her present husband took her away. She has grown to be a very serious person since, and our golden youth and the attaches of the embassies who formerly joked with her while she was awaiting her cue in the side scenes nick-named her "Revanche," to indicate her

present disposition to fight frivolity.

Driscoll is a head or more taller than Charlemont; he doesn't seem to have an ounce of superfluous flesh. If it's true that pugilism is a science, then he represented the scientific end of the show, while Charlemont invested. while Charlemont impersonated passion and animal spirit. This was our original impression of the two men. The simile of the Beauty and the Beast came later. Baron Henry Rothschild was easily the most notable personage in the audience that filled all the boxes—for what are an-cient names in the France of to-day, where everybody may venture to style himself count or duke? Being reasonably sure of my own descent, I am inclined to agree with the opinions of those claiming that our bluest blood runs in the veins of the children of aristocracy's servants, who assumed their masters names and titles after the latter were guillotined, while many of our proudest names are

purchased outright. There is the young Marquis de R., for instance, who sat near me, talking all the time of the rich American he is to ase. Five years ago his mother marespouse. Five years ago ins mother mar-ried the Marquis de R., at the same time paying his debts on condition that he adopt her boy, the one who now aspires to the hand of a trans-Atlantic heiress. The proposition being acepted, madam set to work to kill off her inconvenient husband by placing at his disposal unlimited means for carousing. He died a year ago, and the world has by this time forcotten his very existence, while the son of "M'll. Renee," who for ten years carried a spear at the Ambigu, poses as the

successor of a marshal of France. The Women's Costumes.

M. de Lucensky had been prevailed upon o admit ladies to his entertainment only on condition that they come in riding stume, as if to take lessons or exercise Whether he consulted his eyes or his head in deciding thus, I don't know, but the different head in deciding thus, I don't know, but the effect of his ruling was certainly pleasing to the men. Can there be anything more "chic" than this year's riding costume, with its snowy waistcoat and gold buttons and a scarlet gentleman's hunting dresscoat, tightly buttoned?

The pantaloons—for all sportswomen have definitely discarded the silly and dangerous sidesaddle-are neither too wide nor too narrow. Bordeaux red, bottle green, or purple in color. Many ladies ore them long, strapped under the foot. Others had on patent leather high hoots, exhibiting part of the calf in tan-colored silk stockings. The boots have art heels, and silver spurs are en regle. As to the men, there were plenty of millionaires and many without any visible means for support. The admission fee varied between 100 francs and 5,000. As the signal "time" was sounded, a commotion at the door attracted everybody's attention: A nissary of police wanted to stop the exhibition on account of its alleged dangerous character. But M. de Lucensky convinced the man of law and order that no one would be hurt, certainly no one in the audience. Besides, it was a private set-to between two gentlemen, to which he had invited a few distinguished friends. The commissary seemed greatly edified by this talk and forthwith took a seat in the front row as one of M. de Luc guests. He was the only deadhead in the house, I understand.

Time Called for the Fight. As the word "time" was pronounced again, Driscoll stepped forward smiling serenely, while Charlemont was as pale as a sheet, displaying intense excitement in every feature. Only then M. de Lucen sky announced the rules of this first ench-English prize fight.

Each of the parties was to do battle af-ter the manner of his country, which meant that Driscoll was restricted to the meant that Driscon was restricted to the use of his hands, while Charlemont might use both hands and feet as well as his head for battering purposes, if he had a chance. Several Britishers in the audi-ence rose up in protest against these con-ditions, but Driscoll, like a brave fellow. said through his seconds, that he had But butting with the head, let alor

kicking is deemed foul the world over, and the party resorting to such practices is deemed to have lost the battle," cried a blonde son of Albion, who spoke excellent French. "No matter, it's fair to-day." shouted back Driscoll, and all the women clapped their basis have lapped their hands and beat the balus rades of the boxes with their whips Now the "shake" was given and the men put up their fists, while everybody got on his or her feet, watch in hand, for ds or lose the battle.

Driscoll made a splendid picture facing his opponent, with his left shoulder in advance of the right and his body so disposed as to give it the firmest possible position Frenchman Who Fought with Charlemont's fine muscles showed to great advantage, and his supple joints seemed to be capable of great elasticity. Drisco! held his head erect, while his eyes sough those of his opponent, but Charlemont didn't meet his steady gaze with equal

Sparring for an Opening.

The ease with which Driscoll the right and left, forward and backward, was really remarkable, and everybody ad mired the proud defiance expressed in the position assumed by him with his head the Fashionables of Paris-Charlemont and body thrust slightly backward. While Looked Like a Festive Spanish Mule and he was thus sparring for an opening. Charlemont danced about trying to dis able him by a kick on the knee pan or the shin bones. I am ashamed to say so, but this brute wore heavy English bulldog shoes, designed for snow or rain, and a kick by him would be fully as dangerous as

Following his mulish propensities Charlemont in the first round worked himself into a flaring frenzy, and it did ne good to see him punished again and again by the quiet unassuming, and smil-ing Britisher. I noticed one of Driscoll's Prof. W. H. Ragan, chairman and secreent opening to land a kick on his leg, and at the same moment sent out his right-hand for the kicker's jaw, passing a little ing with a slightly circular motion that was pronbunced eminently artistic by con-noisseurs. When time was called Charlemont's nose had the appearance of a bleeding turnip, and his chin, where the right-hand cross-counter had landed, showed an ugly swelling.

In the second round Charlemont lunged with his left for Driscoll's stomach, ducking his head to the right and bending his left knee, but the Englishman brought his right arm down sharply and threw Charlemont had gotten himself up like Charlemont's arm to the right with a riety, beauty, and culture of arborial downward and outward motion. Then he scenery. These views include public took the offensive, swinging out the right arm in a half circle for Charlemont's head, landing over the left eye, which was part-ly closed. As he jumped forward with his eries, propagating houses, specimen plots, left foot inside of Charlemont's left, he nearly tripped up the kicker, who went

to his corner a very sorry picture.

Used Feet and Fists. Charlemont in the third round didn't make a single effort to strike Driscolf's face, but with feet and fists went for the Englishman's stomach, thighs, and shins. As he tried to land a right-hander on the body Driscoll jumped quickly out of reach, then, as Charlemont repeated the movement, he turned slightly to the right, and covering the short ribs, received the blow on the strong part of the forearm. Charlemont hurt his fist severely in this encounter, while Driscoll was practically unouched at the finish of the third round. Bets then stood seven to one in the Britstrutted and posed and looked at the ladies with eyes that said: "Can you with-

little or no ready cash with them. Beginning with the fourth round Charlemont betrayed his deplorable tactics even more brazenly. One of his feet was forever in the air trying to hit his oppon-ent's stomach, and the sovereign contempt with which Driscoll regarded these many buttressed roots of the rubber tree foul practices was sure to tell against him in the long run. He escaped without damage, however, in this round, while Charlemont suffered two left hand uppercuts. The last of these was struck with incredible swiftness, and was a very hard blow dealt in an upward direction at the moment Driscoll stepped forward and drew back his arm in a business-like, scientific performance.

No Sense of Decency Left. The fifth round saw more sparring for blows below the waistband by Charle-mont, more activity of his booted feet. Driscoll, it seemed to me, was too indif-ferent to these inhuman tactics, and only ferent to these inhuman tactics, and only bent on showing the scientific side of his art. I don't think he was equally ready for defense and attack, and I was afraid he would suffer, though he had proved himself a straight hitter and supple enough on his feet. Besides Charlemont had, to all appearances, lost the last remnant of his sense of decency, and his attacks by foot were savered in the extreme to the country and the sense of decency, and his attacks by foot were savered in the extreme. tacks by foot were savage in the extreme.

coll nearly in the pit of the stomach, yet tificial scenery. Probably no cemetery in not with full force. But even so, the Engnot with full force. But even so, the Eng-lishman tottered for the moment. If he had Georgetown Heights, or Mount Auburn fallen, I believe Charlemont would have Cambridge, Mass., can boast of as much jumped on him with both knees, yet Dris- natural beauty as Spring Grove. coll drew back as he raised himself and then stepped forward again with the right This seemed to confuse Charlemont, who foolishly put his neck right in the way of his opponent's swinging leftthe way of his opponent's swinging lefthand blows, now falling upon him with telling effect. If the Englishman's strength had not been previously im-paired by Charlemont's foul kick, he would probably have knocked him clean

out of the ring. In the seventh round Charlemont dodged successfully all of Driscoll's intended blows, while at the same time sparring for an opportunity to use his feet. No result.

In the eighth Charlemont seem have come to the conclusion that he had better give up playing the mule, as Dris-coll was onto his tricks in that respect. So he kept his feet for their proper purposes; but it was plain to all spectators that he was trying to land below the waistband. At this the Englishmen in rified, while my own countrymen-as far as they understood the situation-seemed elated at the prospect of victory, no mat-ter how it was won. For thirty seconds or more Driscoll guarded his body in true scientific style, but Charlemont's attacks were so fierce, and delivered in such rapid succession, that the Britisher had to re-strict himself to the defensive. Suddenly, after a swinging right-hander by Charle-mont, Driscoll uttered a cry, then went down and crawled on all fours to chair, where he sat down with difficulty, and with agony painted on his count rance. "Charlemont has fouled me," he said, simply, as soon as he could catch his breath, while the Frenchman struck an attitude, and declaimed in ponderous style that it was a mishap, and that he was sorry for it.

Driscoll, much to my surprise, accepted he excuse, which was backed up by Charlemont's seconds, and the ten

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PHOTOS FOR PARIS FAIR

Portray Fruitsand Farm Products of This Country.

EXHIBIT NOW BEING ARRANGED

Prof. W. H. Ragan, Secretary of the American Pomological Society, Is at Work at the Department of Agriculture Compiling, with the Department's Assistance, an Unusually Interesting Exhibit for the Big Exposition to Be Held Next Year.

Among the many interesting things being prepared by the United States com-mission for the Paris Exposition in 1900 is an exhibit of agricultural photographs and charts, now being collected and arciety, at the division of pomology of the Department of Agriculture.

There are already several hundred of these sheets on hand. The pictures illustrate rural economy, show farm buildings and operations, American appliances of both agriculture and norticulture, for cultivating, harvesting, and marketing crops, factories and mill interiors, drying houses and packing sheds. These phot graphs are mounted on cards of heavy white paper or cardboard, 22 by 28 inches. The exhibit also includes an array of horticultural material that is very inte esting, and can but give our friends of

foreign birth pleasing pictures of what

America can produce in the way These views include parks, cemeteries, private grounds, and home places. Florists' and seedsmen's rare trees, plants, flowers, and vegeta

bles are also shown.

Some of the Pictures. The photographs are to be placed in cases similar to other exhibits of the department at the Paris Exposition, in such a way as to be readily accessible to visitors. The portfolios are now being pre-pared, and each photograph will be clearly labeled so as to indicate all the ma terial facts about it. Thomas T. Newby, of Knightstown

Ind., furnishes twenty views of his frui farm, including fields, orchards, cattle and stock, such as blooded horses and sheep, and in one picture is to be seen a barrel of picked apples going on a team into cold storage for the fair of 1900. Cold isher's favor, and most of the women storage for fruit does not mean freezing, loudly bewailed the fact that they had but such a low temperature as previous decay-just short of freezing. fruits can be kept thus for an indefinite period of time.

There are many interesting views of the tropical scenery about St. Augustine, Fla. that combine beauty with instruction. Th must prove especially interesting to those who have never seen the strange vagaries of growth these trees assume under tropical suns. Live oaks, draped with moss, are decorative enough to make a picture without other setting than such as naturally surrounds them-pineapples bananas, and palms rearing their tall stalks and fluttering a tuft of feathery foliage aloft.

In striking contrast to this tropica scenery is an Idaho nursery, extending over two miles of prairie as level as a floor. On this field stands a royal apple tree, the first planted in the State, which has attained the goodly age of thirty

off their native graces to advantage, with the usual accessories of a burial place-Charlemont launched forth in the sixth tombstones-left out by the person taking ound with his right foot, striking Dris- the "focus" for these charming bits of ar-

Social Settlement Photo. One of the most practical of all the ex-

a "park" in the usual acceptation of the term, but a kind of experimental social settlement, and has a population of some 10,000 souls, all employes of the manufacturing establishments run by the own-But these are aparently ers. people, each family having a little cottage home, designed to be not only a home, but an ornament to the landscape. Each lot is 40 feet wide and 140 feet deep, so that each house stands a little apart from the others, and the sun and air has a porch, bay-window, or balcony, all vinebloom well rooted in the soil. This place is one of the beauty spots on Ohio's noble front, and the children are offered prizes for cultivating beauty spots in their door or back yards. The best front yard at in gold, and the best-kept back yard brings its keeper \$50 in gold. Window boxes and vines growing over porches bring the cultivators of so much loveli ness \$50 in gold, while vegetable garden and boys' plots keep these natural mis chief-makers out of their usual employ ment, and, at the same time, furnish pocket money for skates, bicycles, or Christmas, which a boy so much more en joys if he earns it than if it is given to The views illustrating the Patches" are among the very best in the

Prof. W. H. Ragan is an expert in horticulture and pomology. He is not on the regular clerical force of the department, but is working as chairman of the com mittee of the American Pomological So-

ciety, of which he is secretary. Was at Recent Exhibitions.

Mr. Ragan, prepared the horticultural exhibit for the United States at the last the judge declared the fight at an end, giving the decision and the money to Ragan came to Washington on invitation Most of the countrymen howled with of Prof. G. B. Brackett, pomologist, he Most of the countrymen howied with clight at this, but the women sided with has prepared the revised catalogue recompriscoll, who, for his magnanimity, had mended for cultivation in the United designt at this, but the women sided with Driscoll, who, for his magnanimity, had been maltreated in the most shameful manner. Baron Rothsehild, who is a thorough sport, was with us. He said if Charlemont had acted as he did in England, he would have been killed, and deservedly so. The baron protested to M. de Lucensky that the decision was wrong, but this Pole has to make his living by catering to the French, and upheld the judge. goodly return for labor expended. It has been found, by data and com-parison, that regions of the country once noted for certain kinds of fruit crop change as the country becomes developed,

fcrests are cut down, and climati-

changes are produced. For instance, Virginia, Ohio, and Indiana no longer are

ranked as among the best "apple-bearing" States. According to this catalogue, the cotry is divided into districts. No. 1 in-cludes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont. HOOD'S PILLS are non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. and New York north of latitude of 44 degrees, a part of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, most of this region lying along the St. Lawrence Valley, where many hardler fruits flourish. The third district which includes New Jersey, Maryland Delaware, and Virginia, is the region of luscious small fruits and the peach. Dis-trict No. 7 includes Florida and several triet No. 7 includes Florida and several Southern and Southwestern States, where more tender varieties and species are produced, as well as tropical fruits. In No. II, which includes California, almost all kinds of fruits, from the tropical to the most hardy, find a congenial home.

These facts, set forth in a simple and attractive manner at the Paris Exposition, through the photographs and written data, cannot fail to be of great interest to European horticulturists and pomologists.

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